

ADVICE

TO THE

PAINTER'S ADVISER.

WE *Dogs* and *Lions* by their *Voices* know,
 For by their *Notes* themselves all *Creatures* show;
 Yet here's a *Thing* I know not what to call,
 He *roars* and *barks*; what's *Good* he curses all.
 No *Monster* that e're yet from *Africk* came,
 But what would start at thy prodigious *Fame*;
 Yet we thy *Name* nor *Pedigree* can tell,
 Thou dar'st *Blaspheme* beyond the *Mouths* of *Hell*.
 What shall I call thee, *Monster*, or *base Fiend*,
 That canst daub *Paper* to so base an end?
 Unmouth that *Tongue*, maugre its double *Pale*,
 (Fit *Instrument* to tell the *Devils Tale*)
 Which dar'd blaspheme that *Sacred Majesty*,
 The voice of *Angels* joy'd to *Deifie*.
 Foul *Traitor*, to bespatter such a *King*
 With th' *Aspish Poison* of thy *slandering*,
 Whose ev'ry *Action* (if the *Truth* we scan)
 Speaks as much *God*, as his *Foes* find him *Man*?
 A *Prince* so tender of his *Subjects Good*,
 As would redeem the meanest with his *Blood*:

Heavens Joy, Earths Pride ; when After-age shall tell
 His Worth and Parts, 'twill want a Parallel.
 Let *Greece* and *Rome* their *Heroes Punies* call,
 Our *Charles the Great* I'm sure outdoes 'em all.
 Curst *Caitiff*, thy *sharp Arrow*, *bitter word*,
 Gaul'd more than *Europ's* many-edged *Sword*.
 Ye *Heavens* look to't, he that attempts so high
 As *Vice-God Charles*, threatens *Gigantomachy*.
 So he that stabb'd fam'd *Millain's* Duke of yore,
 By Practice at his *Picture* did no more.
 But (Oh! the *Devil*) see the *Serpent* flies
 To his first course, he doubles his *Advice*
 To a poor *Painter*, to draw this and that,
 And *draws himself* into the Lord knows what.
 Even so those *Brats of sin* we blush to own,
 We bring to *others doors*, and lay them down.
 But (*pox upon his Picture*) to be short,
 The wary *White* could have no colour for't ;
 Else *Hell* had paid the *Wages* of th'abuse,
 His *Quidlibit audendi's* no excuse.
Kings failings (if th'are any) ought not lie
 An open *Prospect* for the *Vulgar Eye*.
 He that drew *Alexander's* scarry Face,
 Discreetly put his *Finger* on the place :
 But where's the *Artist* that can frame a Line,
 To *Shadow* or *Eclipse* the *Glorious Shine*
 Of *CHARLES'S Ray*? what *Eagle-eye* can gaze
 On so much *Sun*, or fully such a *Blaze*.
Illustrious i'th' *Abstract*, whose each *Glance*
 Would strike *Presumption* out of Countenance ;
 Much less can any draw his *Treasur'd Mind*,
 To every Noble Virtuous *Mood* inclin'd ;

Unblemish'd as the Saints, the Sun less clear
In that first Shine which Summer'd all the Year :
Our Painters well knew this, who'er read o'er
A Face more puzzling Art, a Mind much more.
Then, Devil do thy worst, with thy Advice,
 CHARLES and his Court are 'bove thy *Calumnies.*
Powers and Dignities approach the Skies,
Like Ships the more the VVaves do under rise.
But 'tis not each Gods Fate alone, else why
Do Miscreants slight the Angels Ministry ?
Ours is but little lower, one remove,
Vicegerent to the King of Kings above.
The best are still the most malign'd with wrong,
Vertue's no fence against a spiteful Tongue;
He spares no State, or Sex, each Princely one
Is th' Object of his prophanation.
Tho pure as new fall'n Snow, free from offence,
As blameless Truth, and white as Innocence.
His breath blasts those, whose breath perfuming Air,
Makes all (save that) as sweet as they are fair,
Unbitter'd Bitterness it self of all.
Earth's Heavenly few, the most Angelicall,
But Vice be damn'd, thou art like one of those,
Who giddi'd in a Ship at Sea, suppose
The Continent doth move as well as they.
All tread awry to those whose Feet are splay.
If (though our thoughts are free) we must not think
Ill of the King ; he that shall black his Ink,
And pale his Paper with words, startles more,
Than, Lord, have mercy, chalk'd upon the door.
To traduce Princes in the shapes of sin,
Wise Painters choose to draw the Devil in;

The *marks o'th' Beasts*, who casts an eye
On those (as on a *Basilisk*) must die.

The *Mecha Pilgrims* at their Prophets Tomb,
Need nothing else to make them blind or dumb.

Here now my Muse would sit as Judge at last,

And Sentence pass on every Sentence past ;

But he's not worth the while, Avant, be gone ;

Yet first attend thy *Benediction* :

Thou that dar'st own, and dost desire no Name,

But what is Registered to endless shame,

Live long in all the Plagues this World affords ;

And if thou wilt repent and eat thy words

To choak thee ; or, to give the Devil's due,

The Hangman draw thee, and thy Painter too.

F I N I S.

